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Sleep the brave and noble hearted ;
Mourn for the days, that are departed,
Mourn, Cambria, mourr !

S. R. J.

ANOTHER.

ON Carno's hills with nimble feet
The deer were wont to bound ;
But Carno's hills no more repeat
The baying of the hound.
The noble youths, who chased the deer,
In battle have been slain ;
And never to the morning's ear
Those sounds shall come again.

In Carno's groves 'tis dark and still ;
The harp the minstrels shun,
Which sweetly rang o'er dale and hill
In praise of Gruffydd's son.
Oh ! when again shall music sweet,
Ring from the mellow horn ;
Or from yon hills the deer's light feet
Sweep the cold dews of morn ?

S. R. J.

The " VALE OF TYWY *."

AIR—" *Over the Water.*"

I.

SWEET vale of the Tywy, how pleasant 'tis now
To gaze on thy beauties from GRONGAR's † high brow !
When thy soft lucid waters so peacefully run,
And thy wild-rose hath bared her white breast to the sun ;
When thy groves are as calm, as when MERDDIN ‡ here rov'd,
And their shade is as still as the shade that he lov'd !

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of " Welsh Melodies," and written by Mr. Jones of Swansea, author of " Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales."—ED.

† A mountain in Carmarthenshire."

‡ Merddin, the Bard of Ambrosius—a celebrated poet, who flourished

When thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day;
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

II.

Oh! how much unlike that fell day to the brave,
When the blood of thy TUDOR* so crimson'd the wave,
And the snakes † of ingratitude, hissing accurs'd,
Wreath'd round the red hand of the viper he nurs'd!
But that day is gone by, and 'tis now like a dream,
To suppose such a day ever honoured thy stream:
Where thy own native lark in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

III.

There is not a spot so delicious on earth,
To the bosom of rest, as the spot of its birth,
Where we've sung a gay couplet, or breath'd a love tale,
To the fair little nymphs of our dear native vale;
And no where doth nature more bountiful shine
On a vale of this world, my sweet Tywy, than thine;
Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

THIS Society has recently made some essential progress towards the promotion of the design, for which it was originally instituted, in the purchase of a considerable portion of MSS.

about the middle of the fifth century. [There were two poets of this name. The other was Merddin ab Moryryn, commonly called Merddin Wyllt, who lived in the sixth century. There is a biographical memoir of him in the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON. p. 256.—ED.]

* *Rhys ab Tewdwr*—Prince of South Wales in the eleventh century."

† Alluding to *Einion ab Collywn*, a Lord of Dyved, who joined *Iestyn ab Gwrgan*, against *Rhys ab Tewdwr*, and procuring assistance from the English court, the combined forces gave him battle at *Hirwaen Wrgan*, on the borders of Breconshire, where *Tewdwr* was defeated, taken prisoner, and put to death, being at the time upwards of ninety years old. [See vol. I. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 213, for a notice of the event here alluded to.—ED.]